

# WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 7.—VOL. XXII

NEW-YORK SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1865.

NO. 241.

## THE CASTLE DE WARRENNE,

A ROMANCE  
(Continued.)

### CHAP. VII.

The murder'd seems alive, and ghastly glows,  
And in dire drama the conscious mood 'er sears;  
Beneath the spot'spoken wound, the assassin's floor,  
The walls yet smoking with the closed goal.

SAVAGE.

WARRENNE Abbey was situated upon the summit of a stupendous crag, whose foot was washed by the foaming channel. The lofty towers seemed almost to touch the heavens with their spires. Infinite labor and expense had been bestowed on the workmanship, which displayed the full glory of Gothic magnificence; but time had destroyed the workmanship of the most eminent architects; and those niches which had once been filled up with the statues of illustrious heroes, now afforded a secure asylum to birds of ominous note, who chose their habitations far from the haunts of man. All the eastern wing seemed a terrific pile of ruins; the rest, though in rather better preservation, still wore an air of charnel desolation. The high fretted grating opened into a set of dreary cloisters, through which the eye vainly wandered to find an object capable of inspiring a pleasing sensation; and the hearts of our heroines sunk within them, appalled, as they surveyed the gloomy pile. Lady Barome rung the outer bell, the vibration of which was lost in immense distance. After a considerable time had elapsed, the tardy carver made his appearance at the gate, and, in a voice petting to the ear, demanded the occasion of this unusual disturbance.—Matilda took upon herself to answer; the faltering tongue of Lady Barome denying its office.

"We demand admittance here," said she, exalting her voice to the most manly pitch she could assume, "in the name of Sir Arthur De Warrenne, Lord of this Castle, whose vassals we are, and from whom we are sent with dispatches; but, being basely robbed on our journey, we request admittance, until such time as we are sufficiently refreshed to return and obtain fresh supplies."

The man shook his head with an air of incredulity.—"Where," he asked, "is the signet by which I may know you to be the vassals of Sir Arthur?"

"Have I not told you," replied Matilda haughtily, "that we have been plundered, even to our very garments, and have obtained those we now wear from some charitable peasant? Pr'ythee make to more grumbling, but admit us, for my comrade is very ill."

The man, after much grumbling, opened the gate, and they followed him through the long range of cloisters. After many turnings and intricate passages they came into a small vestibule, where at his desire they seated themselves. He then quitted the room, and soon returned with two bottles of wine and some biscuits; then, desiring them to help themselves without ceremony, began to ask a thousand questions concerning

his master's family, all of which Matilda answered with such ingenuity, that he no longer doubted their identity. They, in their turn, endeavored to put him off his guard, and make him betray the secrets of his office; but of this he was particularly careful, and they dared not betray their own ignorance by any direct interrogations. He appeared to be about fifty; his black scowling eye, far he possessed but one) was almost concealed beneath his dark bushy eye-brow, except when he glanced upon his timid guests. His mouth was of enormous extent, and, for lack of teeth, his lips had fallen in so as to convert every smile into a ghastly grin. His voice was guttural and hollow, and his whole deportment every way uncouth and disgusting.

When they had finished their refreshment, he took a lamp, and, rising from his seat, muttered, "Follow me." They obeyed with a tolerable grace, and followed him, and soon ascended a flight of steps that wound all the way in a spiral form. They arrived at last in a suite of spacious apartments, one of which he opened, and, showing them in, lifted his lamp, saying, in a tone of exultation,—"Here, my lady, you will sleep securely."

They shuddered as he placed the lamp on the table, and withdrew, locking and bolting the door on the outside.—As soon as they were convinced by his receding footsteps, that they were alone, Matilda and Lady Barome employed themselves in surveying the apartment allotted to them. From the situation of the spot, they conceived that they were in the eastern wing, of the ruined state of which they had been before apprised. What few fragments of furniture remained had been so much neglected, that even the materials of which they were composed were not to be distinguished. A large marble slab was the object on which their lamp rested, and a mirror that hung over, which extended to the ceiling, reflected to them their own pallid countenances. The room was hung round with tapestry, representing the landing of Julius Cæsar. The windows were high, and closely crossed with iron bars, so as to exclude all prospect and light from without.

In a recess of an apartment stood a pair of folding doors, secured by a strong iron lock. These immediately became objects of curiosity to Lady Barome, who meditated in what manner they should be able to open them.—Fortunately, in the pocket of her vest Matilda found a clasp knife, which she recollected to have taken from the young Shannon, who was playing with it, and fearing he might hurt himself, had unthinkingly put it there. With this they alternately set to work, and with indefatigable labor, the wood being much decayed round the lock (their impatience overruling their prudence,) with a violent effort they pushed the door open. The current of air instantly extinguished the lamp, and they were forced to wait, in horrible uncertainty, the return of day. It was then too late to pursue their purposed investigation, as at an early hour he summoned them to breakfast, and informed them, that he expected they would return directly after.

Lady Barome cast a desponding look at Matilda, who replied, that it was impossible for her

comrade to travel, in his present state; and that for his own part, he should not think of quitting them; that he was certain Sir Arthur would think more favorably of them, than to expect such a thing; and concluded by begging one day's further respite. After some consideration he complied with their request.

The day was passed very tolerably, the man kindly shewing them all the magnificent apartments in the Abbey, some of which were beautifully furnished. When they retired for the night, they were again secured within their chamber, and immediately, with more precaution, began their purposed investigation. Their lamp omitted but a feeble gleam of light, and the surrounding gloom rendered the objects rather difficult to be distinguished. They first entered a gallery which seemed to wind round the suite of apartments; and, along this, they groped a considerable way, when Lady Barome suddenly struck her head against something with force, and received a severe blow; this, upon examination, proved to be an iron balustrade to a staircase, which the steepness of the steps rendered almost inaccessible. They ascended, but not without occasionally pausing with apprehension to listen. All was solemnly still.—The staircase terminated in a small door, which they were obliged to stoop to pass; they had scarcely entered, when, to their inexorable horror, the figure of a man appeared, bearing a lantern!—Fortunately, excess of terror prevented them from uttering any sound; and the man passed without once raising his eyes, and, descending the staircase, quickly disappeared.

"Let us return," said Lady Barome. "Tomorrow we will resume our search; at present we are in a defenceless state. The figure was I am convinced, human; and we have nothing to dread from supernatural objects whom we have never injured."

"True," replied Matilda; "and, as to the weapons, the armed heroes in the chancel can, I believe, supply us.—Some villainy, I am convinced, on foot, if we are not ourselves the objects."

They then descended with alacrity, and, returning to their chamber, secured, as well as possible, the folding-doors, and betook themselves to that rest which they found extremely necessary.

### CHAP. VIII.

Truth seldom lies concealed in mystery;  
Clearly to reason she reveals her light;  
And errors vanish like a mist before her.

SAVAGE.

IN the morning, Lady Barome, to give more coloring to their tale, did not quit her chamber; and Matilda again apologized for the trouble they were obliged to give their host, who, now off his guard, accepted himself without much attending to her. This was all Matilda wished, and, seizing eagerly the first opportunity, she secured a sword and lance from the chancel, which with the utmost secrecy she conveyed to their chamber; the man trusting her to carry her comrade dead.

At night they were again locked in, and lost no time in exploring the gloomy passages which they had passed the night before; they discovered the mysterious door from whence the figure had issued the preceding night; and Matilda, with desperate courage, entered. The apartments here were about the same air of desolation as the rest; but, passing a door that would otherwise have been undiscovered, a faint moaning caught their ear. With palpitating hearts they stopped to listen;—the sound ceased. Again they proceeded; when they heard a quick rustling, and something in white brushed hastily past them, and darted the lamp from the hand of Lady Baronne, who uttered a loud cry, and sunk terrified to the ground. Matilda felt for her friend, when she found her arm arrested by an icy hand, while another passed slowly over her face;—her whole frame shook with a convulsion of horror. Again the small door opened, and the figure of the man re-appeared. Matilda instantly sprang forward, and, seizing him by the collar, flung him to the ground.

"Wretch!" she exclaimed, with astonishing heroism, "what means all this?—Instantly surrender yourself or expect no mercy!" Revived at her well known voice, Lady Baronne sprang from the ground, and with all her power ran to the assistance of her friend, and recognized in their prisoner the person of their host: they each held a sword over him, while on his knees he supplicated for mercy. Matilda took her belt from her waist, with which she bound his hands, while Lady Baronne did the same by his feet.

(To be Continued.)

#### ANECDOTE OF POPE ADRIAN IV.

NICHOLAS Breakspere, the only Englishman that ever obtained the papal dignity, was born at Abbot's Langley, in Hertfordshire. Such was his unbounded pride, that when the Emperor Frederick the First went to Rome, in 1155, to receive the imperial diadem, the Pope after many difficulties concerning the ceremonial of investitures, insisted that the Emperor should prostrate himself before him, kiss his feet, hold his stirrup, and lead the white palfrey on which the holy father rode. Frederick did not submit to this humiliation without reluctance; and as he took hold of the wrong stirrup, he observed, that "he had not yet been taught the profession of a groom." On a subsequent dispute, this Pope wrote a letter to the degraded Monarch, the following passage displays the detestable policy and pretensions of the court of Rome in those gloomy ages: "Whatever you have as Emperor, you have as us; for as Pope Zacharias transferred the empire from the Greeks to the Germans, so can we transfer it from the Germans to the Greeks. It is in our power to bestow it upon whom we will. Besides, we are appointed by God to rule over kingdoms, and nations, that we may destroy, pluck up, build, plant." &c. Yet did this haughty Pope leave his mother to be maintained by the arms of the church of Canterbury.

#### ON LIFE AND DEATH.

TO die, or to live, requires little courage; the inhabitants of the forest can do both. To die, or to live, becomingly, requires much fortitude. Great let me call the human being who can do either! Let it be remembered, that the one is a consequence of the other.

#### COMPLAINTS OF THE POOR.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

AND wherefore do the poor complain?  
The rich man ask'd of me:—  
Come walk abroad with me, I said,  
And I will answer thee.

'Twas evening, and the frozen streets  
Were cheerless to behold;  
And we were wrapt and mated well,  
And yet we were a-cold.

We met an old bare-headed man,  
His locks were few and white;  
I ask'd him what he did abroad,  
In that cold winter night.

'Twas bitter keen, indeed he said,  
But at home no fire had he;  
And, therefore, he had come abroad,  
To ask for charity.

We met a young bare-faced child,  
And she begg'd loud and bold;  
I ask'd her what she did abroad,  
When the wind blew so cold?

She said, her father was at home,  
And he lay sick a-bed;  
And, therefore, was it she was sent  
Abroad to beg her bread.

We saw a woman sitting down  
Upon a stone to rest;  
She had a baby at her back,  
Another at her breast.

I ask'd her why she loiter'd there  
When the wind was so chill;  
She turn'd her head, and bade the child  
That scream'd behind, be still.

She told, that her husband was a-d',  
A soldier far away;  
And, therefore, to her parish she  
Was begging back her way.

We met a girl; her dress was loose,  
And swollen was her eye;  
Who, with the wretched hollow voice,  
Address'd the passers by.

I ask'd her, what there was in guilt,  
That could her heart allure  
To shame, disease, and late repent?  
She answer'd she was poor.

I turn'd me to the rich man then,  
For silently stood he;  
You ask'd me why the poor complain,  
And these have answer'd thee.

#### ÆSOP AND THE SHAFER.

(Translated from the French.)

AS knock'd-back'd Æsop bath'd one eve,  
He ventur'd, careless night, to leave  
His jerkin on a stone;  
A brassy bully, passing by,  
His glossy colour pleas'd his eye;  
He clamor'd it as his own.

Now little Æsop, though aggrieved,  
Had from benignant heaven receiv'd  
Less bravery than wit;  
And with submissive bow and low,  
He cried, "God bless me, is it so?  
I hope, sir, it may fit."

#### A YOUNG KING OF PERSIA TAUGHT

WISDOM BY A SHEPHERD.

BEHRAM, son of a Persian monarch, succeeded to the throne of his father at a very early period of life; and, instead of consulting the happiness of his subjects, devoted all his time to pleasurable pursuits. The vizier, to whose care the administration of public affairs was intrusted, shamefully abused the confidence which was reposed; for conceiving he should never be called upon to give an account of his conduct, the public money was lavished, and the people cruelly abused. The officers who were under him, influenced by such examples, and fearful of punishment, committed the greatest crimes; the troops were ill paid; the administration of justice was unattended to; and at length his subjects began to revolt. The King, alarmed at the idea of the dissolution of his people, began to feel apprehensive for the loss of his crown; and determining, if possible, to prevent the threatening evil, desired to be made acquainted with the cause of their complaints. This appeal to their grievances, on the part of the sovereign, induced his counsellors to describe the oppressions which the people had endured; but fearful of exciting the resentment of the vizier, they had not courage to tell their prices that he had been the cause. One day, when the King was walking without the pageantry of royalty, and reflecting upon the likelihood of redressing his people's griefs, he perceived a shepherd, at a short distance, in the act of hanging his dog upon a tree.

"What hast thou poor animal been performing?" enquired the Persian Monarch, whose heart was really tender and humane, "to deserve the fate which seems to await him? He has abused the confidence I reposed in him, (replied the shepherd) and for that act you must allow me merits death. I bred him up from a puppy, and have always treated him with the greatest kindness; and all the return I expect from him, was, that he would defend my flock from the wolves; but he has basely formed a league with the invaders, and, instead of becoming a guardian to the defenceless, he has become a sharer in the spoil; and now justly suffers for the crimes he has committed. But I have always heard that the misfortunes of the multitude will fall upon the head of those by whom they have been oppressed.

These words instantly struck the youthful Monarch; and he was convinced he had erred in submitting his government to the vizier's power. He instantly examined more closely into the grievances of his subjects; and in consequence was, that the vizier was condemned to share the same fate of the shepherd's dog.

#### GENEROSITY.

MYSIAS Duke of Poland, refusing to pay his tribute to the Emperor Conradus, was driven out of his country by the Emperor, and compelled to shelter himself under the protection of Ulrick Duke of Bohemia, who was at enmity with the emperor. Ulrick thinking he had an advantage in his hands, to make terms with the Emperor, contrary to the law of hospitality, offers to send Mysias a prisoner to him, to be dealt with accordingly to his pleasure, if he might have peace upon that condition; but the generous Emperor, in abhorrence of so base a piece of treachery, despised Ulrick, and sent to Mysias to let him know the peril he was in; which generous procedure had such effect upon Mysias, that he journeyed to the Emperor, acknowledged his favor, laid his crown at his feet, and consented to the payment of his tribute as formerly.

SOLUS.

YOU bid my fair conceal my loss,  
Ah! think how hard the task;  
Think of the night's pains I prove,  
Then think of what you owe.

Go, bid the fo'rish wretch forbear  
Midst borrowings to complain;  
Go, bid the slaves who fetters dare,  
Forget the galling chain.

Sho'd they obey; yet greater far  
The torments which I feel,  
Love's fires than fevers, severer are  
Love's pangs more than steel.

Pain but the body can controul,  
The thoughts no cord can bind;  
Love is a fever in the soul,  
A chain which holds the mind.

EUGENIO.

INGRATITUDE.

BELISARIUS was General of all the forces of Justinian the Emperor, and a man of great courage, conduct, and integrity. He overcame the Persians, Goths, and Vandals, took all their Kings prisoners and sent them to his master. He recovered Sicily, Africa, and the greatest part of Italy. And did all this with a handful of men, and at a very inconsiderable expence. He restored military discipline by the regular exercise of his authority, after it had been long neglected. He was near kin to Justinian himself, entirely in his interest, and of uncorrupted fidelity, as appeared by his refusing to accept the kingdom of Italy, when it was offered him. And yet this extraordinary great man, upon some unaccountable piece of jealousy, and groundless suspicion, was apprehended, his eyes put out, his house rifled, his estate confiscated, and himself reduced to that miserable condition as to beg up and down the streets and highways in these words: "Give a halpenny to poor Belisarius, when virtue raised, fortune blinded, and envy ruined."

ANECDOTE OF CHRISTIERNE KING OF DENMARK.

CHRISTIERNE, King of Denmark, threatened the conquered Swedish peasants, if they made the least commotion, to cause a foot, and a hand, of each rebel to be cut off; observing, "that one hand, with one real and one wooden leg, were sufficient to serve the purposes of those who were designed by nature for no other occupation than that of tilling the ground!"

ANECDOTE.

A Jew, supposing himself injured, by a merchant, happened to meet him in a coffee-house; an altercation ensued, in which the enraged Levite challenged his opponent to meet him at a convenient place, and settle the affair in an honorable manner:—I shall not accept the challenge (said the merchant) I would not fight a duel with a Jew.—Then you are pretty secure (said a venerable old man who sat reading the gazette) for I am certain you'll never be challenged by a CHRISTIAN.

Thirty-nine Deaths have occurred in this city during the last week, ending the 9th inst.

A gentleman from Marietta, informs that just before he left that place, he saw a gentl man of undoubted veracity, who had gone 20 miles out of his route to see a family from Massachusetts, lately settled on the Muskingum, consisting of twenty first sons, all produced at winter births, from one woman!! It is added, that a petition would be presented to the legislature of the state of Ohio, at their next session, to grant each member of this extraordinary family one hundred acres of land.

We hear that a house at Saco, in the county of York, (Mass.) was destroyed by fire last week; and that the owner perished in the flames. It is said a maid servant had taken a child from the house during the fire, without being observed by the parents, who supposed their infant was still in bed; the father rushed forward to preserve it, but never returned.

CONCORD, (N. H.) January 23.

On Thursday last, a man and his wife, with a child about 4 months old, belonging to New Hampton, were returning from Acenstown, where they had been on a visit, in passing through Pembroke, discovered that their child was dead, supposed to have been suffocated by the cloaths with which it was wrapped up.

Extracts from London papers, received via Charleston.

When his Majesty the Emperor approached the altar to be crowned, he took the Imperial crown himself and placed it upon his head—it was a diadem of oak and laurel leaves in gold. His Majesty afterwards took the crown destined for the Empress, and after having decorated himself with it for a moment, he placed it upon the head of his august consort. The firmness, grandeur, and nobleness of her manner, drew from every quarter shouts of admiration and joy. The mixed dignity, grace and modesty remarked by every one in the demeanor of the Empress, in quitting the canopy under which she had been received at the Entrance of Notre Dame, are the theme of general conversation.

On Wednesday, (says a London paper of November 4) a melancholy accident occurred in Newington Church-yard, Surrey.—Rickets, the sexton had been employed digging a grave for the remains of a Lady in the Kent road, and the coffin was entering the Church-yard, preceded by the minister and mourners, when the whole mass of earth on each side the grave fell in and covered the unfortunate digger in a depth of six feet; just as he was getting out with his pickaxe and shovel. Within five minutes after the dreadful accident, a number of people ran to afford assistance, and began to remove the earth; their endeavors were, however, much retarded by the encowring of spectators who rushed to the spot, and near an hour expired before they discovered the body, which being taken out, several professional gentlemen erd avoited to restore him to animation; but every effort proved ineffectual. He was carried away lifeless on a shutter, amidst the disconsolate cries of a wife and five children, were the melancholy witnesses of the distressing scene.

COME, thou source of pure pleasure,  
Come, thou source of pure pleasure;  
Shed thy influence without measure,  
Rains of joys thy courses trace.

MARRIED.

In New-Jersey, Mr. Edward Andrews, aged 72, to Miss Catherine Budd, late of Scalavania, Ger. aged 22.

At London in August last, Mr. Gilbert Lydenham, aged nine-teen, to Miss Lucretia Sumersville, aged 87.

MORTALITY.

ON what a fine attenuated thread  
Hang most important all concerning things!  
This moment here, the next, among the dead,  
Disease and death have twicetwice thousand springs.

DIED.

On Saturday afternoon, capt. ANDREW WHITE, of the 12th Regiment of Infantry, Inspector and Major of Brigade.—He served with particular merit the whole of our revolutionary war, in the 2d New-York Regiment. His conduct as an officer and a gentleman, obtained the applause of the brave, and his virtues commanded the respect and esteem of all who knew him.

ON Saturday evening last, Miss CLARISA RAYNOLDS, daughter of John Raynolds, Esq. of Enfield, Conn.

On Thursday in the 83d year of his age, Mr. THEOPHILUS ELSWORTH.

A few days ago a negro man, Jack, the property of Col. William Chambers of Middletown township, (Penn) aged about one hundred and sixteen years.

INFORMATION TO THE POOR.

The Humane Society, furnish good and nourishing soup to the poor, without charge, on application at their Soup house, No. 6 Frankfort street.

THEATRE.

On Monday evening will be presented, the celebrated Comedy of

RULE A WIFE,  
AND  
HAVE A WIFE,  
WITH ENTERTAINMENTS.

WONDERS.

On Saturday last a Bear of an enormous size was seen near Hackensack bridge; and Yesterday morning a man was dug out of the snow on the Battery, who, from his own account, had lain there ever since the snow storm of the 26th ult.!!!

TICKETS,

IN THE SIXTH CLASS OF THE SOUTH MADLEY CANAL LOTTERY EXAMINED HERE.

THE LIFE OF  
TOM GARDNER,  
For Sale at this Office,

FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE.  
THE BEST RHEUMATIC OINTMENT;

It has been applied and proves an effectual cure, giving relief in forty-eight hours.

## COURT OF APOLLO.

### AN OLD MAN'S SALUTATION TO AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE

GOOD morrow, friends! I'm glad to see  
Thy face so early on the hill  
That smiling has charms for me,  
And, while I live, it ever will.

Ah, me! how feeble is my gate,  
For I can neither run nor leap.  
'Tis no at all task for sixty eight,  
To climb a hill so very steep.

I knew a little transient boy—  
Health hung her blossoms on his cheek,  
His heart, when full of grief or joy,  
In ev'ry feature seem'd to speak.

In vain his fellows round him flock'd,  
And join'd there sports in merry glee,  
To such his heart was ever lock'd,  
And Nature only kept the key.

She led him thro' each lane recess,  
And to his search was never coy,  
The solitary wilderness  
Echo'd the carrels of the boy:

But chiefly would his fancy warm,  
And pleasure brighten on his brow,  
To see the forest light the storm,  
And hear the roar of ev'ry bough.

And when the stormy winds were lain  
To some green wood would he withdraw;  
And, as he stretch'd him in the shade,  
Partake the deep surrounding awe.

His limbs no bending staff did aid,  
He bounded hither like the deer,  
Before the eastern cloud betrayed  
A symptom that thy face was near.

And when the smiling sea and land  
Were touch'd with transitory gleams,  
He rais'd his hat, with cheerful hand,  
And bade "Good morrow" to thy beams.

—This little boy, whose face did give  
Full to thy beams health's rosy red,  
Is gone:—his representative;  
Ah woe is me! is this grey head.

Night's shadows gather round mine eyes,  
I hear the frequent calls of fate,  
And very soon, when thou shalt rise,  
This hill-top will be desolate.

## ANECDOTE.

A beautiful girl on a late sleighing party, was requested to put on a fox tripper, the gentleman who proposed it, thought he showed something of good-breeding.—however, she refused, and replied with the greatest sang-froid—"If I use so much Fox, about my person I shall soon have all the Mounds after me."

25,000 Dollars the highest prize.

For sale at this Office, No. 3 Peck-Slip.  
TICKETS IN LOTTERY, No. 3, FOR THE  
ENCOURAGEMENT OF LITERATURE.

## MORALIST.

### DEATH

BY an unalterable decree of Heaven, It is appointed to all men once to die; and we are daily so surrounded with accidents out of the common road to the grave, that it is rather a wonder we should live a day, than linger out three score years. Death mocks and derides the most prudent care and foresight of the wisest mortals that endeavor to avoid it, by hastening their ends by the same means they thought to prevent it. The only way not to be surprised by death, is to be always provided to die, for then it can never come too soon.

## NEW NOVELS,

For Sale at this Office.

Grasville Abbey, a Romance,  
Jack Smith, or the Castle of St. Donat.  
Mordant, by the author of Zeluco & Edward.  
Emily De Vermont, or the Necessary Divorce.  
Emma Courtney, a Novel,  
What Has Been.  
Gonsalvo, the Spanish Knight.  
The Angels, a Romance.  
St. Leon, a Tale of the 16th, Century.  
Emeline or the Orphan of the Castle.  
Dorval or the Speculator.  
Three Spaniards, a Romance.  
Caroline of Litchfield.  
Clermont, a Tale by Regina M. Roche.  
Romance of the Forest, by Mrs. Radcliffe.  
George Barnwell.  
Zaida or the Dethronement of Mahomet.  
Tale of the Times, by the author of the Gossip Story.  
Monimia or the Beggar Girl.  
Beggars Boy, a Novel.  
Vicar of Lamsdown, or Country Quarters.  
Beggars Girl, a Novel.  
Hedgerie Queen of Norway.  
Amelia or the Influence of Virtue, an old man's story.  
Stella, a pastoral Tale.

## FRENCH STORE,

No. 253 BROAD-WAY,  
Opposite the New-City Hall.

F. DUBOIS, has the honor to inform the public that he has removed his store from No. 81 William Street, to the above place, where he keeps a choice assortment of Fancy Jewellery and fancy articles viz—fine pomatums, plain and scented powder, perfumes of all sorts, a variety of scented soaps and wash-balls, milk of roses, India wool, talien, face and pearl powder, antique oil, sweet scented pine, burning pearls to perfume apartments, the celebrated Chevalier Bouquet's Dressing, the diamond lip salve, the rose shell, ivory, horn and lead combs, mirrors, penknives, and razor straps, dressing-boxes and artificial flowers and plumes, elastic and queneau garters, smelling bottles, pinching and curling combs, gold, pearl, and paragonizing ladies and gentlemen's suspenders, frizzes, and all kinds of ornamental hair for Ladies head dresses, the yellow and violet oil, for thickening and softening the hair, the cicilian liquid that gives in a few minutes a jet black colour to the hair, and a variety of other articles all warranted of the best kind and sold at a reasonable rate.

F. D. keeps at usual his Intelligence office where he to be had servants of every description and as much as circumstances will allow, of good character.

Oct. 27 1864.

N. SMITH.  
Chemical Perfumer from London, at the New York City  
Powder and Perfume manufactory, (the Golden Rule,  
No. 214 Broadway, opposite the City Hall,  
Ladies Ink Stands, de. Elastic Wadded & Cotton Gar-  
ters.

Smith's purified Chemical Colomine Wash ball, for de-  
puration to any other, for softening, beautifying, and pre-  
serving the skin from chapping, with an agreeable perfume  
4 & 81 each.

Smith's Chemical Abdergent Lotion, for whitening and  
preserving the teeth and gums, warranted.  
Gentlemen's morocco Pouches for travelling, that hold  
all the flasing apparatus complete in a small compass,  
Odors of Roses for smelling bottles.

Violet and palm Soap, 25. per quart.  
Smith's improved Chymical Milk of Roses for well  
known for clearing the skin from freckles, pimples, redness  
or humors; but not its equal for preserving the skin to  
extreme old age and is very fine for gentlemen after shav-  
ing, with primed directions, 65. 60 and 100. per bot-  
tle, or 3 dollars per quart.

Smith's Pomade de Graft, for thickening the hair, and  
keeping it from coming out or turning grey; 45. and 81  
per pot.

His superfine white hair powder, 25. and 65. per bot-  
tle, double formed Rose 45. and 65.

Smith's favourite royal paste, for softening the skin mak-  
ing it smooth, delicate and fair, to be had only as above,  
with directions, 45. and 81. per pot de. paine.

Smith's chemical Deodorant Pomade Powder, for the neck  
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